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SUZZALLO, EMINENT EDUCATOR

By JAMES DRAGICEVICH NESAN



Old Dubrovnik, mistakenly known to the English-speaking world under the Latinized name of Ragusa, and rightly known to history as "The Athens of the Yugoslavs," due to the glorious ages of its aristocratic republican history and the immortal genius of its sons, has also contributed greatly to civilization as a whole in the eminence of its sons in other lands. One of this galaxy of

intellectual Knights of the Yugoslav Round Table is the eminent American educator Dr. Henry Suzzallo, president of Carnegie Foundation.

From the old Yugoslav province of Hercegovina (translated "The Dukedom") the ancestors of Suzzallo moved into the suburbs of "The Pearl of the Adriatic"—Dubrovnik. And their descendant Peter Zucalo (pronounced "Zutsalo") and his wife Anne, like all Yugoslav emigrants, left the glorious land of their Slavonic ancestry due to the unfortunate economic impoverishment produced in many localities by the Teutonic military tyranny of the late Austro-Hungarian monarchy and its historic anti-Slav policies; all of which horrors are now past, due to the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy by the great Slavonic armies of Russia and Serbia, and of their allies, assisted by the Slavonic patriotic revolts within the late dual monarchy, which finally resulted in the reunification of Jugoslavia on December 1, 1918.

Peter and his wife Anne Zucalo arrived in San Jose, California, where their son Henry was born on August 22, 1875. Here the beautiful Yugoslav name of Zucalo, derived from the Slavonic noun "zrealo"—signifying a mirror, abstractly meaning "bright and reflective as a mirror"—was unfortunately changed into the present "Suzzallo," which is a Latinized spelling of the name and robs the noun of its splendid Slavonic individuality and phonetic force. And it is doubly regrettable from both the philologic and genetic senses in that its true Slav abstraction is in perfect accord in significance with Dr. Suzzallo's eminent career as an illustrious and great educator "bright and reflective as a mirror" in the firmament of American and world pedagogy.

The Stanford University class of the year 1899 was a notable one; for out of the beautiful Spanish portals at Palo Alto, California, there issued—Classmates Three!—now known to fame as Herbert Hoover, President of the United States of

America; Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University and now on leave of absence to hold the post of Secretary of the Interior in President Hoover's Cabinet, and Dr. Henry Suzzallo, former president of the University of Washington in Seattle and now president of the world-famed Carnegie Foundation.

My friendship with Dr. Suzzallo began prior to the San Francisco catastrophe of the year 1906, when as a small child I first met him in my late father's place of business on Bush between Powell and Stockton streets in San Francisco, then a known congenial place of general Slavonic gathering, where he joined the warm and vigorous debates on Yugoslav history, liberation and reunification, much to my own childish enthusiasm and education. I can easily recall his slow, measured walking up Powell Street to Nob Hill on his way to teach at the old State Normal School on Powell near Sacramento streets, greeting me with his usual Slavonic warmth of "Dobro jutro, mali!"

The milestones of Suzzallo's life in the following years up to 1915 alternated between teaching and studying at various universities in the United States and Canada and in the main were uneventful except for the fact that he was laying the groundwork for his future career. In the year 1915 he became president of the University of Washington, at Seattle, and in the twelve following years he first demonstrated creative and administrative capacity of a high order, winning in many respects distinction, international recognition, and membership in numerous governmental and institutional boards of great importance which determine the destiny of American institutions.

After America entered the great World War in the year 1917, President Wilson appointed Suzzallo to the National War Labor Board, and the War Labor Policy Board.

When there was danger that hundreds of thousands of American workers in the lumber and other allied industries would be forced to resort to violence in their united refusal to maintain the twelve and fourteen-hour day during the great war, imperiling the successful American conduct of the war, Dr. Suzzallo headed the official inquiry at the personal request of President Wilson.

Suzzallo's parents were from "The Athens of the Yugoslavs!"—the Dubrovnik of glorious Yugoslav history and genius; and the great educator was also bred in the true democratic spirit among Yugoslavs from the territory of the old aristocratic republic, then residing in his native San Jose and later in San Francisco. He had often listened to

the magnificent intellectual history of the "nobili Dubrovacki" in song and story. And among those noble traditions was the fact that over five hundred years prior, the ancient Yugoslav people of Kraljevic Marko represented by the Senate of Dubrovnik had passed their Emancipation Proclamation in the year 1416, being the first state in the world to "abolish slavery forever!" And so, five centuries later, the intellectual humanitarianism of old Dubrovnik contributed its mental grandeur in the person of its own son, Henry Suzzallo, to liberate American lumber workers from serfdom! And this act, due to the magnitude of the issue, was the greatest single contribution to the industrial reform in the United States, which followed. Southern Europe, the glorious Mediterranean—that mother region of civilization in all its essentials—as ever continues to carry civilization to the northlands.

But the feudalism of the machine age dies hard. The reactionary barons of the American Northwest never forgave Suzzallo for giving the millions of American workers a real interest in the Declaration of Independence and the bill of rights in the American Constitution, aside from the meaningless flag-waving in the public schools. In the year 1926 these feudal reactionaries succeeded in having Governor Hartley of the State of Washington use his influence with the trustees of the University of Washington to fiercely force the resignation of Suzzallo as president of that institution. And this, after Suzzallo had taken the little backwoods college in hand and with twelve years of magnificent creative genius had given that institution an international reputation as a great seat of learning!

The leading institutions and personalities of American life arose in protest against Governor Hartley and his associates, and President Francis G. Blair of the National Education Association offered to the Washington State Teachers' Association the services of the N. E. A. to "save the state and nation from an educational calamity by restoring Dr. Suzzallo to the presidency of the university." The people of the State of Washington organized to remove Hartley, and the press of America voiced the indignation of the American people. The occurrence served to center the radiance of press and platform on Suzzallo, the genius of education, and he quieted all organized

action to restore him to power at the University of Washington by accepting the offer of the great Carnegie Foundation to become their Visiting Professor of International Relations in Europe.

After distinguished service in Europe, including Yugoslavia, and later as a specialist in higher education in the same institution, he was appointed president of the Carnegie Foundation, in the year 1930, the highest post of its kind in America and one of the greatest in the world.

The great interest of Suzzallo in his glorious Yugoslav ancestry is demonstrated in many instances, too numerous to mention, one of which is his fine reception of Dr. Hinko Hinkovic, the famous lawyer of Zagreb, Yugoslavia, who was then the traveling representative of the historic World War organization of Yugoslav exiled intellectuals known as the Yugoslav Committee of London. Under the auspices of Suzzallo, Dr. Hinkovic delivered several notable addresses in English before prominent American organizations in Washington, on the justification of Yugoslav national aims.

The first university in America, Harvard, was organized in the year 1636, when its regents invited the great Czechoslovak "Father of Modern Education," Jan Komenski (Comenius), to become the first president of Harvard. Komenski declined, but agreed to organize the college and its curriculum and preside over Harvard's destinies from Europe. Through Harvard's influence Komenski's genius in collegiate organization dominates the policies of every college and university in the United States today. Another Slav genius, the Pole, General Thaddeus Kosciusko, hero of the American Revolutionary War, created West Point Military Academy after the close of the American Revolution, and at the unanimous request of President George Washington and the Continental Congress. And now, following the great and illustrious Slavs—Komenski, Kosciusko and others—who have illumined the creative heavens of American education and national destiny, comes the magnificent figure and career of another Slav, Henry Suzzallo, with the spirit of old Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, to add another immortal Slavonic star to the perpetuation of the American commonwealth through creative methods of education, on which basis rests the destiny of civilization.





DUBROVNIK
A view from the south

during the celebration is full of magic colors and profoundly touching scenes. At the dawning of the day, in the morning breeze, you will witness the procession of the pilgrims from Zupa and Brgat approaching the city, flying their flags and accompanied by the discharge of guns. The scene reminds you of some celebrated painting by Rubens. At Pile the pilgrims from Zupa meet the multitudes arriving from Rijeka and the coast towns as far west as Ston, and having saluted in unison with their flags the ancient walls of the city, they enter the richly decorated capital of the ancient republic. The next performance is the flag salute in front of the church of Saint Blaise, followed by a procession in which the relics of Saint Blaise are carried, reciting the history of Dubrovnik, blessing the pilgrims, conducting folk dances and discharging the cannons. In the days of the republic this occasion was used for pardoning the criminals, holding the patriotic parades and reviews, celebrating peace and reviving the old Slav customs. This was the day of the glory for the chief magistrate of the city, a moment when its citizens took stock of their navy, of their wealth, of their great history and the future prospects."

This description gives us a general view of the manner in which the Saint Blaise Day is celebrated in Dubrovnik.

The celebration of Saint Blaise Day in San Francisco came about by accident. Five years ago some

of the older members of our colony decided to give an entertainment with a short program for the benefit of our indigent citizens both in San Francisco and in the old country. Since most of those who took interest in this matter came either from Dubrovnik or its immediate vicinity, it was agreed to hold this affair on the Sunday following the Saint Blaise Day. Since no one anticipated a very large attendance, we hired a small hall and did not do much advertising. We did announce, however, that we would have the old-country folk dances and a lottery, as customary in Dubrovnik. We urged our guests to attend, if possible, in national costumes. To our great surprise, we had so many people that the hall was not large enough to accommodate them all.

The news of this celebration spread all over the State, and the following year we had an even larger attendance than the year before. Since that time, the popularity of the Saint Blaise Day has grown from year to year, so that today all our people in California look upon it as an important national affair. Gradually this celebration is assuming the attributes of the performances as given in the ancient home town of Saint Blaise.

The clear proceeds of this affair are now being distributed among the destitute Yugoslav families in the San Francisco Bay cities. On the committee for 1932 were the following: Anton Vukota, Vlaho Mortigia, John Tomicich, Luka Bogdan, Anton Petrusich, John Zec, Rade Dumarac, Steve Cvietusa, Nick Vojvodich, Peter Bogdan, Matt Sriensich, Andrew Butrica, Angelo Cantone, Bernard Markovich, Jack Kurtela, Anton Simatovich, Ilar Spiletak, Jack Markovich, John Skance Jr., Nick Medo, Nick Sanbrailo, John Skance Sr., Marko Lucich, Paul Misich, Matt Kurtela, Luka Buich, Charles Micich, Chris Petrusich and Peter V. Knego.

I have endeavored in these few lines to give the history of the Saint Blaise Day celebration, which is now annually conducted by our people on the Pacific coast, far away from our beloved Dubrovnik. May I hope that this brief description will serve to create the interest in our American-born generation for the homeland of their parents, and especially for the glorious history of the ancient Republic of Ragusa?



REMINISCENCES

By JOHN V. TADICH

On the Occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of the S. M. B. S. of San Francisco

I arrived in San Francisco in the year 1871 and made my home with my uncle, Mr. Nicholas Buja. His home was on the west side of Davis Street, north of Pacific Street, and opposite his home were the landing places of the Oakland Ferry, the Vallejo Ferry, and the Sacramento River steamers.

Soon after my arrival in San Francisco I became a member of the Slavonic Illyric Mutual Benevolent Society. This Society held its meetings in a two-story frame building, located on the east side of Davis Street, north of Clay Street. The building rested on wooden piles and during the high tides the waters of the bay ebbed and flowed beneath it. The lodge room of the Society occupied the upper floor of the building and on the ground floor was a ship chandler's store. At that time Jerome Suich was President of the Society, who retained that office for many years. He was a leader among the Slavic people—a native of Postire, Otok Brac, Dalmatia, and a man of fine personality. In those days this Society was the only one of its kind among our people in San Francisco, or perhaps on the Pacific Coast, and it was considered a high honor to be its President. During the ten years of my membership the following men were Presidents of the Society: Jerome Suich, John Ivankovich, John Uzovich, Steve Divisich, Domingo Mengola and Kosto Crnogorcevich. These men remain vividly in my mind even after the lapse of many years because they were men of sterling character, respected by all their countrymen, whether members of the Society or not. As a young boy I often thought how happy it would make me if I could become the President of the Slavonic Society. During my membership the Society had five Secretaries. Mr. Zvietich served as Secretary prior to 1871 and during several terms thereafter. Nikolas Maticevich and Marko Tomasevich also served as Secretaries. I was Secretary from 1879 to 1882. Jerry Vraghizan succeeded me. From its organization in 1857 until 1887 or 1888, the Slavonic Society flourished financially and in membership. Our colony was small up to the year 1880. Most of our men were of middle age and the majority of them were bachelors. The Slavonic Society was a friendly organization, often passing the limit set by its by-laws to help stranded Jugo-

slav seafaring men who came into port on sailing vessels and found themselves penniless. Many times the Society fed, clothed and provided hospital care for these poor sailors, just as though they had been members of the Society in good standing. The Society helped fellow Yugoslavs in distress, took care of the sick and buried the dead. In many cases, also, where a member was found to be suffering from an incurable disease, the Society would provide for his return to his native land and make adequate provision for his permanent support. In every respect the Society was very generous in helping not only its members but other Yugoslavs when in need. It was looked upon as a board of relief for the Yugoslav colony of San Francisco. Upon the death of a member who left no family, his body would lie at the Society's hall, with a guard of honor night and day until the funeral, and funerals were uniformly well attended.

A beautiful painting hung on the wall above the President's chair. It was a picture of a woman, seated, with a face like a Madonna, surrounded by three little children; written in the Slavonic language were the words, "Majka Slovinska, sinovi tvoji," which meant in English, "Mother Slavia, Thy sons." The Yugoslav national colors, red, white and blue, predominated in the picture. This picture greatly impressed me at the first meeting I attended.

Often the Society was referred to as "Mother Slavia" by the people of our colony.

In course of time, the rank and file of the Society were men who came here on sailing vessels around Cape Horn. They were the finest specimens of youth from the Dalmatian Coast, the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea. They were able seamen of splendid physique, men of character, courage and determination. This is not merely my personal judgment of those men, it is also the judgment of R. W. Seton-Watson, the English historian, who says in his "History of the Southern Slav Question": "The Dalmatians are one of the finest seafaring races in Europe, and the cream of the Austro-Hungarian navy is recruited from among them."

I cannot help feeling a touch of sadness as I think of those splendid young men, because all of them have passed away. They were the finest specimens of manhood to be seen anywhere. Even now I can still see some of them in my vision, Nicholas Buja, Florio Antonovich, Nikola Barovich, Jerome Suich, Anton Kovacich, Domingo

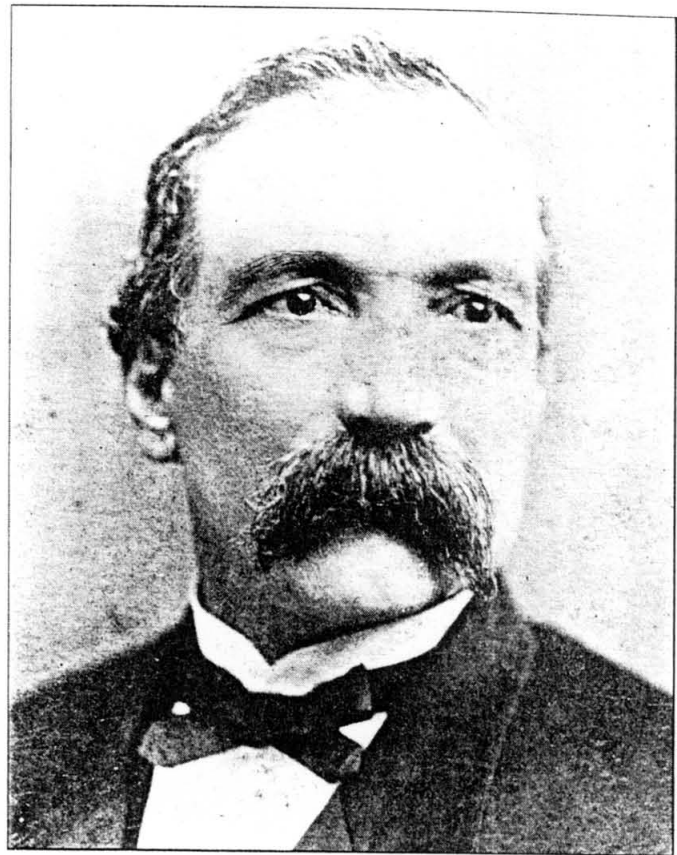
Mengola; the Marisch brothers, Prosper, Luka and Anton; Captain Marini, John Ivankovich; the Vlautin brothers, Paul and Jakov; Domenik Vlahovich, Anton Riboli, John Uzovich, Steve Divisich, John Pendo, John Pavlicevich, Frank Franciskovich, Nicholas Franicevich, Savo Spalatin, Anton Kovacevich, Savo Zlarin; the Ljubetich brothers, Marko, John, Nikola and Anton; Kersto and Kosto Crnogorcevich, John Milovich, Nicholas Ivanovich, Maro Marinovich, Nikola and Joko Kosich, Marko Tomasovich, Nicholas Maticevich, Dominik Poljako, John Markovich, Nikola Pavlovich, Baldo Bogisich, A. Splivalo; the Marietich brothers, Anton and Jakov; Roko Beban, Luka Zenovich, Peter Zenovich, Zamaria Rasol and his brother John, Nikola Sersen, Luka Gergurovich, Osip Vraghizan, Petar Radovich, Kuzma Novak, John Mazanovich, Marko Vulicevich, Kuzma Ruzevich, Blas Steta, Ivan and Nikola Berbora, Bozo Radovich, Anton Markovich, Andria Vujinovich, Marko Terkovich, Arnesto Arnelio, Luka Kisich, Stiepo Jurat, Mihal Matich, Marko Rabasa, etc.

The Society not only turned out for the funerals of deceased members but also participated in the Fourth of July parades and in the annual picnic. It was always a great pleasure to me to view the Society in parade.

I remember particularly two men, Sam Zlarin and Florio Antonovich, who alternately and for years acted as marshals of all parades of the Society. They were both splendid looking men, over six feet in height, erect, with a military bearing. To me, they were ideal leaders. As they proudly marched at the head of the Society through Montgomery or Kearny Street in the annual picnic parade, accompanied by the inspiring strains of Yugoslav music, they seemed to say, "Come on, boys, follow us and we will drive everything forward!"

The Society was organized on November 17th, 1857. It was the custom to celebrate with great enthusiasm and good fellowship this birthday of the Society by "Slovinska Vecera" (Slavic Supper). On that occasion addresses were made, praising the mission of the Society, its activities and charitable deeds and promising even greater things for the future. To me it was always a great pleasure to listen to the old-timers. Each celebration was talked of among the members long afterwards.

About 1887 or 1888 the Society moved from the old hall on Davis Street to a new building, a very fine hall and a big improvement—the Santa Maria Building at No. 10 California Street, near Market. About 1879, and while I was Secretary of the Society, a committee of which, as Secretary, I was a member, was appointed to revise the by-laws



NICHOLAS BUJA
 Charter member of the Slavonic Mutual and
 Benevolent Society

and select an appropriate seal for the Society. The committee selected a seal with two interlocked hands, with an eye above, the seal which is being used up to the present day.

Up to that time there had been only one Secretary, who acted both as Recording and Financial Secretary. His compensation was \$50.00 per year. Upon my suggestion the by-laws were changed to provide for two Secretaries, a Recording and a Financial Secretary, to serve for the compensation of \$25.00 per year each. Thereafter I served as Recording Secretary until 1882.

The Society appointed a committee of two, Bozo Radovich and myself, to buy a new set of books. We purchased from Bancroft Whitney Company, then on the south side of Market Street, west of Third Street, a great register, a minute book, two collection books and some stationery. The cost was \$25.00, quite a lot of money, as it seemed to us in those days. It was my duty as Secretary to register the name of every member who had joined the Slavonic Society from its organization in 1857, to serve as a perpetual memorial. Not only the names of members, but their nativity, age, and if dead, the time and place and cause of death. Believe it or not, it was a big job for a little fellow such as I was, to copy all that data from the old

and dilapidated books of the Society, written so many years before in different handwritings. But I was happy to do my share for Majka Slovinska (Mother Slavia).

In 1879, there were over six hundred and fifty names on the register. Many whose names were registered were living in various parts of California, especially in the mining districts, but the majority of living members were in San Francisco.

Most of the members of our Society were plain people who lacked education but made up for that lack with energy, with courage and with the determination to succeed. Little by little they managed to get into business of various kinds. We have pioneers who conducted Yugoslav restaurants all over California. We have pioneer Yugoslav apple growers throughout the Pajaro Valley, and pioneer Yugoslav orchardists throughout the Santa Clara Valley. The first time buhach, the insect powder, was planted in California it was planted by Milco brothers in Stockton. The Milco brothers were Dalmatian Yugoslavs. Others engaged in the retail and wholesale fruit business, in the retail and wholesale liquor business and various other activities.

I remember Nicholas Dabovich, John Ivankovich, Marko Vulicevich and Nikola Trobok as leading fruit merchants. Elia Chelovich was one of the leading wholesale liquor merchants in San Francisco. In early days, wholesale liquor merchants were very much respected, much more so than they are now.

The Zan brothers, whose family name was Zaninovich, were natives of Starigrad, Dalmatia. They were very intelligent business men and had a broom factory on the east side of Davis Street, between Clay and Washington Streets, even before I arrived in San Francisco. They later moved to Portland, Oregon, and were pioneers of that city, engaged in the wholesale business of brooms and woodenware.

Among our people were several sea captains. I still remember Captain Maro Marini from Dubrovnik and Captain Vincent Politeo from my native town of Starigrad. Captain Politeo was a part owner of the bark "Spartan." I remember the vessel well. Captain John Silovich still lives and may be with us for a long time to come. He is one of the best known bar pilots on the Pacific Coast and is now retired on pension. He left his native town, Split, Dalmatia, when he was twelve years of age and came here around Cape Horn as a boy. Being of progressive mind, courage and determination, like all Dalmatian seafaring people, young Silovich studied at a school of navigation, and being already an able seaman, he soon became a Master Mariner. Finally he became a bar pilot and remained such until his retirement.

Recently, I had the pleasure of meeting him and his good wife and lovely daughter at the home of a friend. The Captain and I had a very interesting chat about early days. His only regret is that his seafaring days are ended. I can understand this, as he is a typical Dalmatian mariner.

In the early days of the Society, Attorney A. D. Splivalo was an active member. His father was a native of Peljesac, Dalmatia, and, I am informed on good authority, was a sea captain and came around Cape Horn to San Francisco in 1832.

Another old-timer, whom I remember well, was Dr. Vincent Gelcich, a native of Starigrad, Dalmatia. He was a doctor in the Federal Army with title of Colonel during the Civil War in the early sixties. After the war, he was a pioneer coroner of the city of Los Angeles, and he married a beautiful lady of the wealthy Pico family of Southern California.

The majority of our Yugoslav pioneers married and settled down, built their homes, raised respectable families and became good American citizens. It is a wonderful achievement and a great credit to them how well they did in a strange country, without knowledge of the language and without any skilled trade. They were plain people but gifted with good common sense, courage, and the determination to succeed. It was always their aim to give to their children that which fortune denied to themselves, a good education in high school and college. But, while we owe much to the fine qualities of mind and character of our people, we must always remember that we could never have achieved what we have achieved but for the glorious and free institutions of our adopted country, the United States of America.

Thanks to the good God who gave us our energy and steadfastness, our Society was prosperous for many years. But, between 1880 and 1895, immigration from southeastern Europe was very heavy; and among the newcomers were many Yugoslavs, subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. These newly arrived Slavs brought with them ideas which reflected the effect of the disgraceful policy of the Austro-Hungarian government, which is expressed by the maxim, "Divide et impera" (Divide and rule). The result was that in a short time there sprang up a number of different societies in our small colony. This meant division of national sentiment and was in direct opposition to the principle upon which was founded the old and honorable Slavonic Mutual and Benevolent Society.

In course of time, the pioneer Society encountered heavy opposition and had to struggle very hard for its very existence.

I am well convinced that if it had not been for a few loyal patriots from central Dalmatia and



SKYLINE OF SAN FRANCISCO

especially the faithful and steadfast sons of the Island of Brac, who upheld the dignity of the Society always, there would be no longer any occasion to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Society. The credit and glory are due in great measure to those loyal patriots. I do sincerely hope that their loyalty toward the pioneer Society is as well appreciated by our colony as it is by me.

I resigned from the Society in 1882 for the reason that I was going back to Europe and was uncertain whether I should ever return to California. My regret now is that I did not keep up my membership.

The evil policy adopted by the Austro-Hungarian Government did immeasurable harm to the Yugoslavs. Our people suffered from the domination of a ruling class, the nobility of Vienna and Budapest. There was a time when we had virtually lost our national identity. It is unfortunate that the Yugoslavs belong to two different churches, the Roman Catholic Church and the Greek Orthodox Church, as a bitter feeling has arisen among us because of this religious difference. Among this people of the same race, same language, same customs and the same aspirations, why should there be difference or division on account of difference in religion? In view of this condition we are entitled to much credit for what we have accomplished.

In this wonderful country where every man has

a right to improve his condition in every respect, we should have been far better off if, instead of having so many different societies, all aiming at the same purpose, we had but one, our own organization, the Slavonic Mutual Benevolent Society. This Society would then have been a representative and strong organization, financially, morally and fraternally. From the standpoint of economy alone, it would be worth while considering the proposition of merging all of our Yugoslav societies into one great organization. I hold the view that each citizen should vote according to his own intelligence and his own conscience; nevertheless it would be more beneficial if our people had a powerful organization or unit which could defend our political rights if they were ever threatened. An organization of this kind would give us better recognition by City and State authorities. As we are now, unorganized, we do not secure full recognition as American citizens.

But, above all things, we should have a historical society which would promote the study of the history of our race. I feel certain that if my suggestion in this regard could be realized, that it would bring great unity and benefit and happiness to our colony.

Just a word to explain how I came to know and to hate the destructive policy of the Austro-Hungarian government to which I have referred. In 1872, while a young boy, I was working for John



BAND STAND, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO

Milovich, a pioneer member of the Slavonic Mutual Benevolent Society and an old time miner, an American citizen of strong and independent American patriotism who was born in Montenegro, that country from which so many great warriors have come. In fact, John Milovich was known among his friends as "Od Grahova Jovo, valjan junak bio" (John of Grahovo, a real hero). Shortly, I learned to my surprise that John Milovich belonged to the Orthodox Church and that he was assumed erroneously to be a Greek. But how in the world could he have been a Greek when he came from Montenegro from whence came so many good Yugoslavs? He was a lovable man, generous and very popular among those who knew him. I worked for that man for over two years and at all times after I left his employment I was welcome at his home. I revere his memory to this day.

While I was working for John Milovich I came in contact with all the Orthodox Yugoslavs (Pravoslavni) in San Francisco, at that time, young and old. They spoke the same Slavic language as I spoke. I saw them and talked with them daily. I heard them converse on different subjects, principally on politics. I heard them sing the songs of their national heroes; they sang of Kraljevic Marko, Milos Obilic and others, all those songs that were familiar to me, the songs I heard in my native town, every day, when I was a boy. Naturally, I felt at home among those people, and found them to be just as fine people as the other people of our nationality. They worshipped God in a different form, but that should make no difference in friendship, and many of those men were my friends. That friendship exists even to this day.

I have often heard those Pravoslavni speak with sadness of the great loss of the Serbian Empire, "Na Kosovo Polje" on the Plain of Kosovo. The slogan of those people was "Hocemo Nase" (We

want that what belongs to us). Their patriotic aspirations were imparted to me and I have often thought what a great thing it would be if we, the Yugoslavs, could have a united country of our own instead of being the subjects of Austria-Hungary. As a boy I made a solemn declaration to myself that I would always try my best to tolerate and respect the religion of every man and always maintain and support the proposition that every man has the right to worship the Almighty according to his own conscience. To this day, I have tried to follow this rule as best I could. If I could have my wish, fanaticism and prejudice would be banished from the world. However, the harm and injustice done by the Austro-Hungarian government to the suffering Yugoslavs should never be forgotten by our people. Austria-Hungary enriched herself at the expense of our people. Not satisfied with depriving us of our liberty and property, the propagandists of the Austro-Hungarian government have persistently misrepresented and defamed our race. According to them we were nothing more than a race of barbarians, incapable of civilization. Yet, for centuries the Southern Slavs fought the battles of Austria-Hungary against the Turkish hordes, to protect and defend Christianity for the rest of Europe, and at the very time when other great Christian nations were enjoying trade, peace, culture and happiness. It is not to be wondered at that Yugoslavs, as a whole, were, until recent days, backward in education, trade and culture. Could anything better be expected from our war-torn and oppressed country than poverty, sickness and misery?

In 1877, during the rebellion of Bosnia and Herzegovina against the Turkish rule, Christian Austria-Hungary worked under cover for the success of the Turkish arms. Austria-Hungary was afraid that if these two provinces were liberated from Turkish rule, they would join with their brethren of the Serbian kingdom. About that time the great English statesman and very good friend of the Southern Slavs, William Ewart Gladstone, speaking before the English Parliament, said these words: "Point me out with finger on the map of Europe where ever did Austria do any good." Gladstone was a good friend of that outstanding patriot, the celebrated Bishop Strossmayer of Croatia, who founded the first Yugoslav university at Zagreb, and was the evangelist of the idea of uniting all the Southern Slavs into one nation. You should read some of the correspondence between William Ewart Gladstone and Bishop Strossmayer.

Austria-Hungary taxed the Yugoslavs almost to destruction and gave them nothing to speak of in return. She recruited thousands and thousands of the finest flower of the youth of the Southern Slav

population to serve in her army and navy, and what benefit did we derive from fighting the battles of that corrupted and decayed empire? I refer you to the great speech delivered in the Austrian Parliament on December 3, 1910, by the Yugoslav patriot, Dr. Joseph Smodlaka, then a deputy from Split, Dalmatia. In that speech you will find an answer.

If a man who has thought much regarding the condition of our race may be pardoned for a word of suggestion and advice, I would urge that if we must have various religions, at least let us follow the Ten Commandments of God, in true Christian spirit; let us tolerate and respect the religion of one another; let us meet one another on an equality, irrespective of religion; let us grasp the right hand of every Yugoslav with full confidence, and depending on our strength of character, forget fanaticism and prejudice. If we do this, there will be more harmony, more unity and more happiness in our colony. And what a great thing it would be if our people in Europe would follow a similar program!

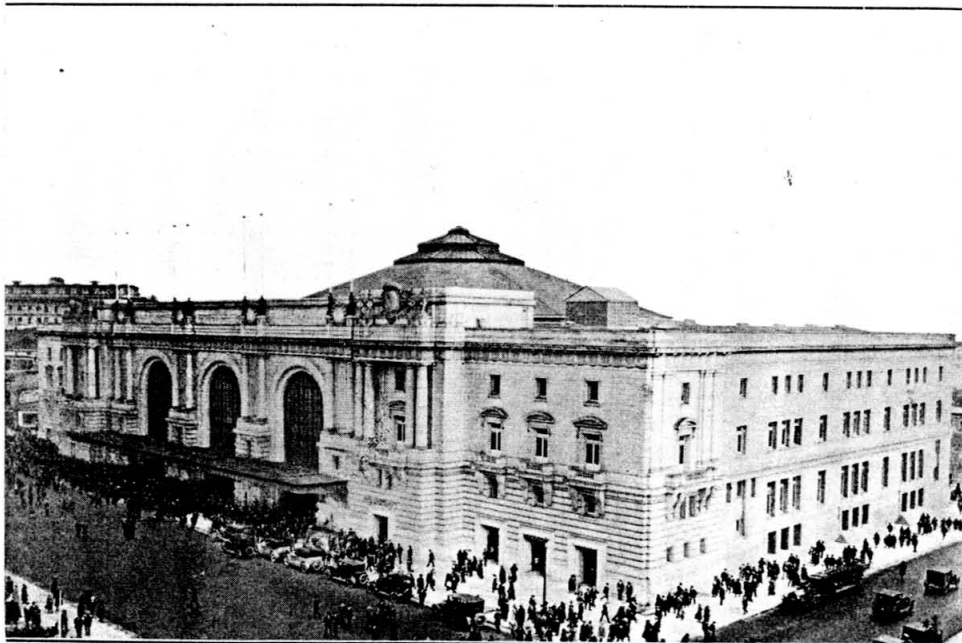
Our brothers in Europe are surrounded by dangers from which we in America are free. Yugoslavia occupies a very important position geographically on the European continent, being on the direct road to Constantinople and Asia Minor. History tells us that from the time of the Roman Empire and even to this day, it has been the aim and goal of all the great nations of Europe to obtain control of the Balkan country and especially of Yugoslavia. During the centuries the Balkans have been a checkerboard for European statesmen

to make their moves on. At the present time there are powerful forces intriguing and working every day in the year to destroy Yugoslavia if it be possible. Brothers, let us be on guard!

I was asked by Mr. Anton Batchia, an old friend of mine and for fifty years a member of the Slavonic Mutual and Benevolent Society, to write something about the old-timers connected with the pioneer Society of which I was once a member. It was hard for me to start; and it is still harder to finish, because one avenue to the past always opens another. While I am writing these lines, memory is revived and past events are recalled as if they were of yesterday. With it all, there is pleasure mingled with some sadness. Sixty-one years ago when I became a member of the Society, I was a hopeful and ambitious young fellow. Now, I can hardly realize how my life and the lives of my old-time friends have slipped away in what seems to be a short time. It seems almost like a dream.

As for the future, let us look forward to it full of hope. We live in a wonderful country, surrounded by our friends and kindred. Each of us must play his part in the game of life as best he can and leave the rest in the hands of God.

In conclusion, I take pleasure in congratulating the officers and members of the Slavonic Mutual Benevolent Society on their celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Society. I assure you, my friends, that our colony in San Francisco appreciates in full measure your good services and your faithful guardianship of the destiny of your honorable Society. May God grant you very prosperous and long lives.



CIVIC AUDITORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO

THE JUGOSLAV COLONY OF SAN FRANCISCO ON MY ARRIVAL IN 1871

By John V. Tadich

On the twenty second day of May, in the year 1871, I left my native town of Starigrad, in Dalmatia, on the beautiful eastern coast of the Adriatic Sea. It was a day not to be forgotten, the birds were singing and the flowers were in full bloom, and I, about to depart for the promised land, "Zlatna California", the golden California, was happy beyond all description. Relations and neighbors came to wish me good luck and God speed. But when it came to parting from my dear mother I lost for the time being the picture of beautiful California. Even now, after all these years, I can remember clearly her parting words: "Sinko moj, s Bogom, čuvaj svoj život, i moli Boga za svoje zdravlje, i nemoj zaboraviti, Deset Zapovjedi Božjih," which means in English: "My son, God be with you, take care of yourself, pray God for your health, and do not forget the Ten Commandments of God."

While I am writing these lines and thinking about my dear mother, my heart is like melting spring snow on the mountain. God blessed my parents with long lives as they were each about eighty-five years of age when they passed away about fifteen years ago.

Bidding farewell to my mother, I started on my long journey, my father and brother accompanying me as far as Split. We had to go first to Mirce, Otok Brac, to meet Lorenzo Nizetich, a pioneer miner of Sutter Creek, Amador County, California, who was returning to California, and whom and whose party my uncle, Nicholas Buja had advised me to join. We arrived at the Nizetich home about noon-time and found a good lunch prepared for us. I remember well that after the lunch I went outside like any young boy would do, to play with a group of children in front of the church. The other boys were strangers to me; but they all knew that I was the boy who was going to California with Lorenzo Nizetich. One of the boys came very close to me and asked many questions about my trip to California and I recall that he said to me with sadness in his voice: "Oh! I wish I could go with you." Two years afterwards that boy followed me to California. He was Lorenzo Slavich, the well-known pioneer restaurant man of Hollister and San Jose.

The following morning, Monday, we started for Supetar where we met a party of four men, Anton Petrinovich, Jerome Cereghino, Anton Cereghino, and the pioneer mining man of Sutter Creek, Amador County, California, Mr. John Kusanovich, and his beautiful young bride, Mrs. Clementina Kusanovich. We were now a party of seven. We embarked

on the ferry boat to Split and spent a day or two at Split, visiting friends. Then came the ordeal of parting from my father and brother. It was little less painful than parting from my mother. Finally we got on an Austrian Lloyd boat for Trieste where we stopped for some time seeing the sights. From Trieste we took the train for Vienna. That ride to Vienna was my first experience on a train and it was all very fascinating to me. I have not ceased to be thrilled by the whistle of a steam engine.

On arrival in Vienna, we found ourselves in a magnificent railroad station. We spent about two days in Vienna as there was much to see and we wanted particularly to see the capital city of Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria. An observation car took us to all the different points of interest of that historic city. I remember still the beautiful cathedral of St. Stephen, built many centuries ago, and the old royal palace with a beautiful square in front, paved with white stones. Everywhere, I saw soldiers and officers of smart appearance, wearing glittering uniforms. All this grandeur made a deep impression on me. We visited the city park. It was Sunday and we saw there the real life of the people of Vienna. The park was filled with men, women and children. There was music, dancing and singing everywhere. Refreshments were dispensed to everyone who was able and willing to buy. It was a gay crowd and made a picture long to be remembered.

From Vienna we took the train to Hamburg, by way of Berlin. At that time, Berlin was not as large a city as Vienna. Our train stopped at Berlin for some time. This gave us an opportunity to see a wonderful sight—the treat of a lifetime—the sight of train after train loaded with soldiers returning from Paris, jubilant and with smiling faces, rejoicing over the victorious outcome of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

Hamburg was at that time, as it is now, a very important seaport of great commerce. From Hamburg we took the steamer across the channel to Leeds, England. From Leeds, we went to Glasgow, Scotland by train at sixty miles an hour — some speed. We stayed at Glasgow for two days or so until our ship was ready to leave for New York.

Finally, we boarded our boat the "Sindonia". She was an old type steamship; but to me at that time she appeared to be a good strong boat, and, of course, she was built of iron. After we were out on the ocean about the fifth day her shaft broke and she was disabled. For nearly two days the ship

remained stationary, until another ship sighted us and taking our ship in tow, brought us back to Glasgow. We were forced to stay on shore for about seven days until the boat was fixed. There was one consolation, the Steamship company provided us with a boarding house.

While we were in Glasgow, Sunday was a very gloomy day. Everything was closed, no place for strangers to go. The City looked as if it were in mourning. It was a decided contrast between the customs of the people in Glasgow and the customs of the people in other cities on the European continent, as in the other cities there was much gaiety on Sundays.

However, on week days Glasgow was thriving industrial city. At that time it was built up solidly with massive stone buildings, capable of lasting for ages. I remember well that there were five or six different bridges across the Clyde River.

After the boat was repaired we were ready to proceed on our voyage to New York. The prospect of the long ocean trip ahead of us was not glamorous as we were tired and weary. The men of the party began to blame one another for routing by way of Glasgow, and I have never ceased to wonder why we did come by way of Glasgow. Thirty five days had passed since we left Supetar on the 23rd of May and here we were only leaving Glasgow when we should have been at our destination. For myself, I had been homesick ever since I left my mother and I had lost interest in California and everything else. But when I was feeling most downcast, that lovely lady, Mrs. Kusanovich, came to me and extended her sympathy saying, "Courage my boy. Let us hope that everything will be all right when we get to our destination." By this time I had come to know her very well. The more I knew her the better I liked her. My memory of Mrs. Kusanovich is so vivid and lasting that I shall always have a very pleasant thought of her. She was the sunshine of the party, gifted with a beautiful natural voice, and she was always ready to sing and thus make everybody happy around her.

But at last the happy moment came when we sighted the American continent. Then there was much joy. When our ship approached New York, the American Flag went up to the masthead. I stood gazing at the flag intently for some time. It thrilled me with its beauty. A cheerful flag with its combination of lively colors, red, white and blue, its stars in the upper corner, a symbolic flag of the great republic of the United States of America. Then the band began to play various American national airs; and the sight before my eyes of the wonderful city of New York filled me with pride and ambition and gave me the first feeling of cour-

age and hope which I had felt since I left my home and my people.

We spent two days in New York looking over the City, resting and refreshing ourselves and visiting friends. It was now forty eight days since we had left home.

From New York we traveled on the railroad by way of Chicago, Burlington and Council Bluffs. I remember that there were no dwelling houses at Council Bluffs at that time, just a little shanty for the railroad station. We crossed the Missouri River on a shaky wooden bridge. Omaha, too, was a small city. From Omaha to Sacramento we were sidetracking the greater part of the time in order to allow the eastbound trains to pass. Much time was also consumed in taking on water and coal for the engine. The train traveled so slowly that the men of the party were becoming impatient. They were anxious to reach California as quickly as possible and start to work; because, with the exception of Lorenzo Nizetich, they were all married men with families left in the old country. For my part I felt more cheerful at this time than I did before we reached New York. I was cheered particularly when Mrs. Kusanovich would sing the songs with which I was familiar. We would join with her in the songs although more in discord than in harmony. She always sang most beautifully when she didn't have our assistance.

To my young mind, it was a wonderful trip, filled with much pleasure. I shall never forget the beautiful scenery and I am happy that I had the opportunity to see the country as it was then. I can never see again those wonderful sights under the same conditions, and I feel it was a great privilege to have traveled from Omaha through Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and on to California in those days. The immense plains, the majestic Rocky Mountains, the picturesque Sierra Nevada mountains and the romantic valleys of the beautiful golden state of California, the numerous Indians in their primitive costumes, are always before me.

I recall now that whenever our train would stop on a side track, hundreds of Indians and their squaws, with papooses on their backs, would gather around the train. They were just as curious about us as we were about them. Another interesting thing to me was my first sight of a group of Chinese. They were little men, with almond-shaped eyes. They had on large sun hats and were repairing the railroad bed. The sight of Indians and the Chinese made a lasting impression and I enjoy the recollection to this day.

On our arrival at Sacramento, the men in the party and Mrs. Kusanovich left me and proceeded

to Sutter Creek, Amador County. I traveled alone to San Francisco to my uncle, Nicholas Buja, at whose home I arrived on the 22nd of July, 1871.

From the time I separated from my traveling companions at Sacramento I have never seen them again with the exception of Mrs. Clementina Kusanovich. John Kusanovich died many years ago in Sutter Creek, and after his death, his widow, Mrs. Clementina Kusanovich, moved to San Francisco with her large family of four boys and four girls. With her characteristic determination and her motto "Courage and hope" she was able to raise a lovely family. The dear old lady passed away a few years ago after having lived to a good old age. I shall always revere her memory, God bless her.

To the best of my knowledge the six remaining oldest survivors of the Yugoslav pioneers are Mrs. Angie Franicevich, who came here in 1863, Mrs. Florio Antonovich, who arrived in 1868, Nikola Marisich in 1870, Captain John Silovich, Nikola Planich and myself.

If I had the slightest idea when I arrived here in 1871 that I would be called upon sixty-one years after to recall from memory the history of our colony, I would most surely have kept some sort of a record of our people. At this time I can only rely on my memory but I will relate to you to the best of my ability a brief history of some of those whom I found residing here in 1871.

Repeatedly I would hear my uncle discuss New Orleans with his old-time friends. Being of an inquisitive nature, I asked several of our people why New Orleans was always the topic of conversation among so many of our men, and was informed that the majority of our earliest pioneers in San Francisco came from New Orleans. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, our people began to come to California rapidly. California symbolized Utopia. I then realized that some of my countrymen who were here in 1871 when I arrived very likely came as early as 1850, and that the majority of these men were the organizers and charter members of the Slavonic Illyric Mutual Benevolent Society in 1857.

There were few Yugoslav families here in early days. Most of the Yugoslav men were either bachelors or married to San Francisco girls, as in those days it took a great deal of money to return to the old country to marry a Yugoslav girl and bring her to California.

From all information I could gather the individuals listed below, who were then members of our colony, were among the very earliest pioneers, who came here between the years 1850 and 1865.

Nikola Buja, my uncle, arrived in San Francisco in 1851. He established himself in busi-

ness, together with Marko Ljubetich. He was a Charter member of the Slavonic Illyric Mutual Benevolent Society, and also served as Vice-President of the Society. He was a member of the organization of Exempt Firemen of early days in San Francisco. In 1864 he returned to his home, Starigrad, married there and brought his bride to San Francisco, same year. From this marriage there came a lovely family of several boys and girls; those living at this time are Mrs. Cora Maroevich, mother of the well-known attorney in our colony, Ivan Maroevich, and Nicholas Maroevich, established in business in San Anselmo; Mrs. Virginia Belding, wife of the Superintendent of the Children's Playground, Golden Gate Park, and Andrew Buja, Custom House broker.

Florio Antonovich, from Konavlje, arrived in San Francisco in 1851 on the famous clipper ship, "The Flying Cloud", the ship that made the record time from New York to San Francisco around Cape Horn. He was a member of the Tuolumne Society in 1853, being one of the first settlers in Tuolumne County. He afterwards located in San Francisco and was a Charter Member of the Slavonic Illyric Mutual Benevolent Society. He was President of the Society at one time. In 1868 he returned to his native country, and there he married a young lady from Brescine, returned to San Francisco with his bride same year, and brought into this world a lovely family of children. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Florio Antonovich, daughter Mrs. Annie Ashley, and two sons, William G. Antonovich, a well-known attorney in our colony, and Emile P. Antonovich, Captain in the United States Army. In 1882, Mrs. Nicholas Buja and Mrs. Florio Antonovich, were selected by the Slavonic Society to raise money for the Society's new banner, Majka Slovinska (Mother Slavia). The presentation of the banner to the Society was made by two young girls, now married ladies, Mrs. Cora Maroevich and Mrs. Antoinette Forrest, in old Platt's Hall, located on Montgomery Street where now stands the Mills Building.

Nikola Dabovich, and his wife, from Boka. He was in the wholesale fruit business. They had five children, four beautiful daughters and one son. The first baby girl was named Slovinka. This daughter married Marko Simrak. The present Mrs. Joseph Bilafer in our colony is a daughter of this marriage and a grand-daughter of Nikola Dabovich. The second daughter married Mr. Sargentich and I am informed that she is living in New York.; the third daughter married Nikola Obradovich, resident of San Francisco; the fourth daughter married Adam Verceovich. The latter have both passed away, but a charming daughter, now living with her Aunt, Mrs. Nikola Obradovich, survives them.

Joko Ilich and his wife, Sofija, from Boka. Joko Ilich passed away and his widow married Savo Martinovich from Montenegro.

Zamaria Rasol and his wife, Luisa from Silba. After his death his widow married Martin Zibilich from Peljesac. She had two young brothers here, John and Anton Barbich. Anton Barbich became President of the Slavonic Society about the year 1893.

John Rasol and his wife from Silba, had two sons. The oldest son, John Rasol, better known as John Russell was a very active member of the Aus-

into well-known Givovich family, returned to San Francisco, and had large family of children. One of his sons is Father Ivankovich, S. J., a member of the Jesuit Order of Santa Clara College. I heard Father Ivankovich render a beautiful eulogy at funeral of dear friend of my family, Mrs. John Klecak, and while I am not personally acquainted with Father Ivankovich his sincerity impressed me deeply. John Ivankovich was President of the Slavonic Society for many years. He was a man of high personality and a leader in our colony. He was reputed to be a man of considerable wealth. His residence



CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO

-trian Military Society and served that organization as its President and Captain for many years. His son, M. J. Russell, is at the present time Assistant Superintendent of the Laguna Honda Relief Home of the City and County of San Francisco.

Prospero Marisich and his wife from City of Hvar, had a large family, four lovely daughters and five sons. The family lived at Hvar until about 1876, with the exception of the father and the oldest son, Nikola, who came here in about 1870. Not long after his arrival here Mr. Marisich returned to Hvar and brought this family to San Francisco.

John Grosetta and his wife from Dubrovnik. Had two daughters.

Martin Grosetta and his wife from Dubrovnik. No children. The Melatovich brothers, Vincent and Anton from Dubrovnik were brothers of Mrs. Martin Grosetta and were among the early pioneers.

John Ivankovich from Lopud, wholesale fruit merchant. Later he went to Dubrovnik, married

was at the southwest corner of Sacramento Street and Van Ness Avenue, a very wealthy and select residential district before the fire of 1906.

Anton Svainaz, better known as Anton Smith, and his wife from Brac, was proprietor of the famous Rockway Oyster House on Market Street near 5th. He was a typical Dalmatian with an abundance of energy. They had children. One of his sons is on the stage, acting under the name of Anthony Smythe.

Maro Marini, Sea Captain, and his wife, from Dubrovnik. No children. He was interested in wholesale liquor business with Jerome Suich.

Arnesto Arnelio and his wife from Otok Vis. No children. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Arnelio married John Herzo (early pioneer) a wealthy landowner.

John Herzo and his sister, from district of Dubrovnik, arrived in early days. At that time he was considered the wealthiest man in our colony.

Božo and Lazar Radovich, brothers, from Risan. Nephews of Ilia Chielovich. Božo returned to the old country and married into Patkovich family. Came back to San Francisco and had children. He was employed by his uncle until he went into business for himself. He was a shrewd business man very much Americanized, with some English education. It is my understanding that a son and daughter are now living in Southern California.

Vitaich brothers from Brac. John returned to the old country, married there and came back to San Francisco with his wife, had children. John Vitaich, Jr. a son, is a well-known business man of San Francisco.

Nikola Franicevich, from Versnik near Starigrad, married Angie, a niece of Joko Ilich from Boka. Mrs. Franicevich came here as a child with her uncle in 1863. She is still in good health. Has two grown sons.

Ilija Dabovich and his wife from Boka, had large family of lovely girls and fine boys. The oldest boy Steve was one of my boyhood chums, and a fine fellow. Jovan, another son, and boyhood friend, became Father Dabovich of the Orthodox Church. About 1875 the oldest daughter, Ljuba married Andro Dabovich, of another family. George Dabovich, prominent fruit commissioner, is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Ilia Dabovich.

Nikola Marsich and his wife from Risan. Had large family of children. In Wholesale fruit business.

John Uzovich and wife from district of Dubrovnik.

Stiepo Divisich, brother of Mrs. John Uzovich. He returned to old country after many years, married there, and brought his wife to San Francisco.

Luka Zenovich, from Pastrovich, one of our earliest pioneers in California. A venerable gentleman. Everybody knew him as "Barba Luka" which is a Dalmatian term for Uncle Luke. He owned the property where he had a family liquor store, northeast corner of Post and Jones Streets. The business was conducted by his nephew, Peter Zenovich (pioneer). The store was the meeting place of many of our people and they all enjoyed visiting with Uncle Luke. To us all he was a noble Slav. He had the bearing of true nobility, a man of benign face and gentle disposition, loved by all who knew him. He passed away in 1895 at the age of 100 years. Filip Zenovich, a nephew of Uncle Luke, was a mining man who traveled throughout California and Nevada. He is survived by three children. Mrs. Giovanovich, a daughter, now living in Fresno, a son Marko Zenovich, a business man of Fresno, and a son Sam Zenovich, a San Francisco business man.

Jakov Mikulich, better known as Charlie, from

Senjska Rijeka (Fiume), was an employee of my uncle, Nicholas Buja. Jakov Mikulich was a good friend to me and I can never forget his kindness. He took me to Lincoln Grammar Evening School, and for this alone I shall always be grateful to his memory. He would take me around the city to see everything worthwhile, and with him I had my first evening at a theater, the old Metropolitan Theater on the west side of Montgomery Street between Jackson and Washington Streets. He was a young boy when he came to America on a sailing vessel, and as a young boy he enlisted in the United States Navy, year 1860, during the Civil War. He was a real American. He enjoyed life to the utmost, was a stylish dresser and a great lover of race horses. He would tell me to "go around and see things", and that advice has been followed by me even to this day. He subsequently had his own business, was successful, and married an American girl. He passed away about five years ago at the age of 85 years. We were good friends to the end of his days. A son William Mikulich, well-known insurance broker with offices in the Mills Building, survives him.

Sam Zlarin, better known as Sam Marion, from Trogir, married a San Francisco girl and had family of children. A son is an actor on the American stage, and a daughter joined the Sisters of Mercy order. Sam Zlarin was a typical Dalmatian Sokol (I like to apply the name Sokol to him as it expresses my keen admiration of him). The Southern Slavs apply the name Sokol (Falcon) to persons of athletic and sporting activities, to courageous and brave men, and without any exaggeration on my part Sam Zlarin was all that. He was very popular among his friends and a leader among leaders in the old Slavonic Society, as well as among the Exempt Firemen of early days in San Francisco, of which he was a member. He passed away about 1877; the funeral being conducted by the Exempt Firemen's organization from their historical hall in Brenham Place above Portsmouth Square, in front of the then City Hall. The Slavonic Society attended in a body. I recall it as being one of the largest funerals of any of our people. The streets were crowded with spectators, as it was a beautiful sight to see the firemen in full uniform, and hear the solemn music of the band.

Marin Zaninovich, better known as Zan, from Starigrad, had a broom factory before my time, was married to a San Francisco girl. With his brother Vincent, he conducted the broom business under the name of Zan Brothers. It was located on east side of Davis Street, between Washington and Clay Streets. They later moved to Portland, Oregon and were pioneers there in that business. They were excellent business men and consequently were very prosperous. Marin Zaninovich had a large fa-

mily of children. One of his sons is a prominent Portland physician.

Vincent Zan from Starigrad. He later returned to his native town and married into the Garbati family. Their daughter, now Mrs. Marie Maronich is a resident of San Francisco.

Andrew Ljubich, better known as Andrew Glover, from Starigrad, married a San Francisco girl and had large family. He was on the San Francisco Police Force for many years and he later became Interpreter of Slavic, Italian and Portuguese languages in the Police Court.

Ilia Chielovich from Risan, married a San Francisco girl. His daughter, a talented woman, married to Dr Fortell, a prominent Physician of San Francisco. Ilia Chielovich was in the wholesale liquor business and was a man of exceptional ability. Božo and Lazar Radovich, nephews of Mr. Chielovich, were both successful in their lines of business, both having had the advantage of their uncle's training.

Ivan Markovich from city of Hvar, pioneer miner. John and Anton Markovich from Starigrad, were his nephews.

Mr. Politeo, Sea Captain, from Starigrad, mar-



By Courtesy of Mr. Gabriel Moulin.
MARKET STREET, THE MAIN ARTERY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Frank Franciskovich from Senjska Rijeka, married to San Francisco girl.

John Pavlicevich from Boka, married San Francisco girl.

Trifone Bralich from Kotor, married San Francisco girl. Had large family.

Peter and Nikola Budrovich, brothers from Starigrad. Peter married an English girl, and raised a large family of children.

Anton Kovacevich from Starigrad, married San Francisco girl. His daughter Kate married M. Dabovich, now resident of Richmond, Contra Costa County.

ried a San Francisco girl and had children, one daughter and two sons. One son, Matthew Politeo, is a well-known architect in San Francisco.

Nikola Fabris, from Starigrad, pioneer fish merchant in San Francisco City Market.

Vicko Deletis, from Starigrad, a fisherman.

Luka Sresovich from Lopud, married San Francisco girl. He was a nephew of John Ivankovich. In his youth he was employed by his uncle, but later became one of the best known fruit commissioners in San Francisco. He is survived by a large family. One of his daughters, Evelyn Sresovich Ware, is a distinguished musician, and at this time, has the

honor of being President of the Pacific Musical Society.

Paul Vlautin and brother Jakov from Konavlje. Paul married a Portuguese girl. They had two children, son and daughter. The daughter, at this time is a Vocal Instructor.

Juraj Gjustianovich, better known as Guistin, from Starigrad, pioneer miner.

Tadija Buja, my uncle, pioneer miner of North San Juan, Nevada County, returned to his native town, Starigrad.

Anton Gerkovich from Starigrad, restaurateur.

Peter Cukovich from Boka, proprietor of a liquor store.

Nikola Trobok from Lopud. Dry and fresh fruit broker.

Mihail Matich, from Hercegovina, a liquor Merchant.

Ilia Ceklich from Crna Gora, pioneer miner.

Petar Bokanovich, from Boka, a miner.

Ilia and Nikola Gregovich, brothers, from Pastrovich. Intelligent men and pioneer miners of Nevada.

Luka Kisich from Boka, restaurant employee.

Marko Ljubisa from Pastrovich, pioneer miner of Nevada, married San Francisco girl, had children.

Stiepo Jurat from Zlarin, fisherman.

Jerome Suich from Otok Brac. Wholesale liquor business. Married San Francisco girl. Had children.

Martin Marinovich from Dubrovnik, liquor dealer, married sister of Mrs. Jerome Suich. I remember their daughter, Florence, as a most beautiful child.

Domingo Mengola, from city of Hvar, married a German girl, had children. His son George is a prominent rice grower in California.

Luka Marisich, from City of Hvar, married a German girl, Had children.

Anton Marisich, from city of Hvar, returned to his native town, married and remained there.

Anton Riboli from Split, partner in a restaurant with Anton Gerkovich. Restaurant located north side of Clay Street below Montgomery Street. Later known as United States Restaurant under the ownership of Pike Brothers. This was sometime in 1880 The slogan was "three dishes for 25c, soup, entree, desert and coffee." Mr. Riboli married a San Francisco girl. They had a daughter who married Marko Tasovac, and is a resident of San Francisco.

Marko Vuličevich, from district of Dubrovnik, partner in business with John Ivankovich. He was a prosperous and prominent man, married a San Francisco girl and had children. He was an extremely religious man, having an altar built in his home for religious services.

John Svilovich, from Dubrovnik, bachelor. He

was a watchmaker on Mission Street. Was not well known among our people on account of his retiring disposition.

Bogdan Markovich, owned property in which he conducted an exclusive saloon and billiard parlor in the then select district of Jackson and Stockton Streets, and his establishment was patronized by men of San Francisco's best people.

Anton Miloslavich and his wife, from Zupa. He was a miner. Passed away in Oakland, at the age of 95 years.

Baldo Bogisich from Konavlje, was an outstanding citizen. He conducted a restaurant on Broadway and Seventh Streets in Oakland, which was at that time the heart of Oakland's business section.

Roko Beban, married San Francisco girl. He would have been a rarely proud father had he lived to see the tremendous success of his son, George Beban, on the American stage

Marko Misevich from Boka, pioneer miner, now 90 years of age, resident of Oakland.

Joka Zelaich from Boka, pioneer miner.

Todor Radoicich from Boka, was Custodian of the Russian Orthodox Church. He was a brother of Mrs. Ilia Dabovich.

George Bečer from Konavlje. He was better known as George Baker. Married to Spanish girl. Was an interpreter in Police Courts.

Luka Bečer from Konavlje, known as Luka Baker, was nephew of George Bečer.

Joseph Marino from Istria. Married a San Francisco girl. For many years he was foreman for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Had large family of children, all of whom are now residing in San Francisco.

George and Spiro Jankovich, cousins, from Boka. Both engaged in restaurant business.

Nikola Sambuck, from city of Hvar, connected with fish industry.

Kuzma Novak, from city of Hvar, likewise engaged in fish industry.

Nikola Grego, from Brac, and his brother George. They were successful apple packers. George had a fine bass voice and was under contract for several seasons in the chorus of the old Tivoli Opera House.

John Lele, from Dubrovnik, in restaurant business.

Marin Zitkovich, Sea Captain, better known as Captain Martin Lich. From district of Dubrovnik. Captain on one of Pope and Talbot Lumber Company's boats for many years. Passed away in 1913 at 94 years of age.

Captain John Bronzan and wife from Konavlje. He was a bookkeeper for Martin Drobaz.

Martin Drobaz, from Konavlje. Man of fine

physique and personality. An impressive Slavic citizen. His most charming, only daughter, Mrs. Mary McGlade, is the well-known music teacher in the San Francisco Public Schools.

Joko and Lazar Jovovich, brothers, from Boka. Owners of Coffee shop on the northwest corner of Jackson and Drum Streets. Following their death this Coffee Shop was conducted for many years by their nephew, Spaso Jovovich.. Lazar Jovovich was

fishing industry; raised family of children. They are now residents of the East Bay district.

Spiro Obradovich from Boka, came to America in 1858. He was in restaurant and laundry business in San Francisco. Finally he settled in Fresno where he is survived by his family.

A. D. Splivalo, Lawyer. I was informed that he was born on his father's ship en route from Chile, South America, to San Francisco, his father being



CHINATOWN IN SAN FRANCISCO

an active member of the First Serbian Benevolent Society and served as its President for several terms.

Joko and Nikola Kosich from Boka, brothers. Fruit packers.

Peter Catanich from Brač, pioneer miner, settled as hotel proprietor at Livermore. His son, Peter Catanich, Jr. is living in San Francisco and is associated with the McCarthy Bros. Coffee Company. Mrs. Petar Catanich, Jr. is at the present President of the American Jugo-Slav Women's Club.

Luka Gergurovich, from Dalmatia, active in

Captain of the ship. Mr. Splivalo was an influential citizen, a member of the State Senate for several terms. His family is living in San Francisco at the present time, and is of considerable prominence.

Dr. Vincent Gelcich.

Captain John Silovich.

Nikola Milko and his brother.

John Pendo, from Konavlje; bachelor and business man.

Marko Tomasovich, from Dubrovnik, salesman in wholesale fruit store.

Dominik Polgiaco from Brac, cook by trade, a bachelor.

Nikola Seršen, from Mljet, restaurant business. Married to a girl from his country.

Osip Vragizan, from Starigrad. Returned to his native city, married and settled there.

Peter Radovich, from Boka, business man and bachelor.

Nikola Pavlovich from Pastrovich; fruit business, bachelor.

Marko Terkovich, from Konavlje; drayman for wholesale fruit firm. Survived by a grandson, Mr. Terkovich, who is well known in our colony here.

Jovan and Andrija Abramovich from Boka. Both were active members on the First Serbian Benevolent Society. It is my understanding that Andrija is still living and makes his home in Fresno, California.

Mr. Ruzevich from Starigrad, restaurant business. He was known as "young foot" for the reason that he was very lively on his feet around his restaurant.

John Franetta from Pastrovich, married a Russian girl. He was connected with the firm of Bollman & Company, Cigarette Manufacturers. He is survived by two daughters, now living in Marin County.

Michael Bregatta from Lušin. Restaurant business.

John Kuze from Trogir. Restaurant business.

Petar Vojvodich, restaurant man, from Mljet.

John Tomicich, from Grablje, Otok Hvar. Left San Francisco and established a restaurant in San Bernardino, California.

Vladimir Čuda, from Budva, married Millie Ilich, daughter of Mrs. Sofia Martinovich, now resident of Sonoma County.

Nikola Koprivica, from Konavlje; drayman, wholesale fruit business.

Martin Komaich, from Konavlje; drayman, wholesale fruit business. Raised family.

Nikola Plancich, from Starigrad, connected with Zan Brothers in broom factory.

Martin Kosčina from Brac. Restaurant business.

Mr. Ilich, from Dalmatia; restaurant business. Later moved to Denver, Colorado, where he became a very prosperous businessman. An amusement park in that City bears his name.

John Mazanovich and his wife from the city of Hvar. Mr. Mazanovich was a musician in the United States Army Band. They had two sons, both of whom evidenced artistic talents. One son painted the stage curtain for the Alcazar Theater, before the fire of 1906.

George Lazarevich and his sister Mrs. Joly, from Belgrade. George was an educated man, speaking several languages fluently. He was a gallant Serbian and very popular among his friends. His sister, Mrs. Joly, raised two children, a son John Joly, well known fruit commissioner of San Francisco and a daughter, Mrs. Peter Vucanovich, also a resident of San Francisco.

Nikola Antonovich, brother of Florio Antonovich, married San Francisco girl. Had family of children. A daughter, Mrs. George Mostahinich is living in San Francisco.

Steve Milich, from Serbia; clerk in a department store.

Frank Grassi, from Brač. Still alive and resident of Livermore, California. He has made his home there for many years.

Nikola Rafaelovich, from Budva; original proprietor of the famous Bay Oyster House, on Stockton Street near Ellis Street. His sister married Sam Zenovich.

I have given you all information available in connection with the people I recall as having been in San Francisco when I arrived. As to myself, after being here many years after my arrival in 1871, I spent considerable time "going around and seeing things" in compliance with the advice of my good friend, Jakov Mikulich, and eventually I returned to Europe where I remained for nearly nine months. There I married the girl of my choice, Antoinette Ivanisevich, a daughter of the well-known Ivanisevich family of Starigrad. I returned to San Francisco with my bride, and we had three children, a son Danilo, and two daughters, Mabel and Ruby. Danilo is married and is associated with the Shell Oil Company; Mabel is a teacher in the San Francisco Public School Department; Ruby is married and is now Mrs. Herbert F. Suhr. She has a little son, Herbert F. Suhr, Jr.

Early in the year 1872, subsequent to my arrival, the following people appeared in our colony:

Jasper Pavitza, from Kostrene. Years later he married a San Francisco girl.

Anton Alduk, from Sibenik.

Anton Polgiaco, from Brac.

Spiro Franicevich, from Pastrovich. Later he went to his father in Reno, Nevada.

Tomo Sargentich, from Budva. Later married a daughter of Nikola Dabovich.

Miço Plamenac, from Crna Gora, a nephew of Vojvoda Plamenac of Crna Gora. Miço was a pioneer of Tonopah, Nevada.

Kersto Medovich, from Zadar; an educated man, speaking several languages fluently, married a San Francisco girl and raised a family.

Kazimir Antonioli, from Budva. Married a German girl. A son survives and is now an attorney in San Jose.

While I was following my slogan "go around and see things", I went on different occasions to San Jose and Virginia City.

At San Jose I met some of the old Californians. I remember Mr. Suzzalo, father of Dr. Henry Suzzalo, the well known educator; Nikola Batinich, pioneer miner, a cripple, but a good and hearty Dalmatian; Marko Rabasa, an agriculturist; Vincent Milasich, from Starigrad, and his German wife, formerly of San Francisco; Marko Ljubetich and his brothers, John, Nikola and Anton, from Brač. Marko was the oldest. He was married to a Dalmatian girl and they raised a lovely family. Ljubetich brothers were the pioneer restaurant men in the Santa Clara Valley.

At Virginia City, a wonderful mining center, I met the three Vukovich brothers, from Boka, Spiro, Krsto and Božo. Krsto Vukovich was married to a girl from our country, and one of his daughters, Mary, was born in Virginia City. This daughter married Luka Zlokovich, and two of their children are now residents of San Francisco, Mrs. Vladimir Popovich and Rade Zlokovich. They are well known in our colony. I also met at Virginia City two nephews of the Vukovich brothers, Milo and Krsto Vukovich. Spiro Vukovich at that time was an outstanding figure and well-known business man in Virginia City. Also there were Marko Kujnina from Boka, in the butcher business; Mr. Vukanovich and his nephew, Peter Vukanovich, from Hercegovina. A few years later Peter moved to San Francisco, and was in the wholesale fruit business with George Beleney and John Ivankovich. He married Miss Elena Joly, and was an active member of the First Serbian Benevolent Society, and served as its President for several terms. His widow and son survive him; John Radovich from Lepetane, who later moved to San Francisco where he was a well known business man, an active member of the Austrian Military Mutual Benefit Society and served as its President for several terms. He returned to his native country and married a beautiful girl. Brought her to San Francisco and they had one daughter, now married to Dr. Clarence Sappington; Mrs. John Radovich, his widow, is a resident of San Francisco; Jefto Ivankovich, from Hercegovina, miner; Marko Milinovich, from Boka, prosperous liquor merchant and influential citizen; Marko Medina from Budva, mining operator, successful business man. One of his daughters was educated



SLOVINKA DABOVICH SIMRAK

The first child born in California of Yugoslav parents.
Born, San Francisco, 1860; died 1926.

at the Sisters' of Mercy Convent of Dubrovnik. She is now married to Marko Zarich and is a resident of Sacramento; John Gregovich from Pastrovich, married to a French girl. He was a wealthy and influential pioneer of Tonopah, Nevada; a member of the State of Nevada Legislature for several terms. His family is still living in Tonopah. While at Virginia City I was told that a great many of our people were scattered throughout the State of Nevada. A few still come to my mind. Mandich family from Boka. Steve Mandich now a resident of San Francisco, was born in Virginia City; Ilia Franicevich, father of Spiro, from Pastrovich, was a property owner and liquor merchant of Reno, Nevada; Alex Drobnjak from Risan, prosperous, and wealthy landowner of Reno, Nevada, and owner of a large hotel opposite Southern Pacific Station, Reno. He is survived by his family in Reno; Jefto Davidovich from Pastrovich, Pioneer of Tonopah, Nevada; Mark Maina from Budva, well-known restaurant proprietor in Sacramento.

Jovan Novakovich, a pioneer miner of Nevada; later a resident of Reno. He was a loyal friend of

Vidak Novakovich, a well-known resident of our colony here. Mr. Čatovich from Boka, a pioneer miner and later a prosperous businessman of Silver Pick, Nevada. His daughter, now a resident of Reno, Nevada, survives him.

* * *

In writing this brief history I have limited myself to the people of our colony who were here when I arrived in July, 1871, and those who came here between July, 1871 and January, 1873. As stated

previously there is no record to refer to at this time, and I am relying solely on my memory. Consequently if I have overlooked anyone, I am deeply sorry and am asking that anyone not mentioned please communicate with the Editor, "The Slavonic Pioneers of California", 102 Kansas St., San Francisco, who will gladly take care of the oversight.

San Francisco, California,
November, 1932.

JOHN V. TADICH

One of the Leading Yugoslav Pioneers of San Francisco

By J. L. KERPAN

John V. Tadich is a native of Starigrad on the island of Hvar, Dalmatia, Yugoslavia, whose parents, Vincent and Katherine Tadich, were well-known people in their community. Mr. Tadich has been a resident of San Francisco since 1871 and for fifty years was one of the leading men in the restaurant business of this city. He retired from business in 1929.

Mr. Tadich married Antoinette Ivanisevich, a member of a prominent family of his native town. He is the father of three children, Danilo, Mabel and Ruby. Danilo is occupying an official position with the Shell Oil Company, Mabel is on the teaching staff of the San Francisco Public School Department and Ruby is married to Herbert F. Suhr, Jr., a member of a prominent San Francisco family.

Mr. Tadich is a conspicuous figure in the Masonic Fraternity, which he joined in 1885, and is one of the most popular members of the San Francisco Commandery No. 41 of the Knights Templar. He is also a member of the Yugoslav Sokol of San Francisco.



STARIGRAD IN DALMATIA
The birthplace of Mr. Tadich

During the World War Mr. Tadich was president of the local branch of the Croatian League of America, which was organized with the object of upholding the cause of the American government and its European Allies in the World War, and disseminating the idea of liberation and unity of the southern Slavs. In this capacity Mr. Tadich carried his fight for the Yugoslav cause to the members of the United States Senate, and to President Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, who were the principal factors at the Peace Conference in Paris.

In 1918 he organized the Yugoslav Relief Committee and acted as its Chairman. With his great prestige among both the Yugoslavs and Americans he was able to raise a substantial sum of money for the war orphans of Yugoslavia. This contribution was forwarded to Dr. Anton Trumbich, the then Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, and graciously acknowledged by him. Throughout the war Mr. Tadich played a leading part in the activities of the local Yugoslav colony in behalf of our war-torn country. In that great crisis, as on many other occasions before the war and since, he has demonstrated his abiding loyalty to his people and the country of his birth.

As one of our oldest living settlers and a man of wide experience, Mr. Tadich knows more about the history of San Francisco and its Yugoslav colony than any living Yugoslav. Having been located for sixty years in the heart of the city, he was brought in close contact with all classes of people and has made many personal friends. His restaurant was one of the landmarks of San Francisco and was one among the few that the sponsors of all great public affairs used to recommend to the visitors as a reliable eating place.

As Mr. Tadich states in his contributions to this book, he did not keep any written records; but in

the absence of such records we may safely rely on his vivid recollection of the facts as he saw them or as they were imparted to him by others. His articles, both written from memory, will fully substantiate this statement. It is interesting to note that while Mr. Tadich was engaged in business he was often interviewed by the newspaper correspondents whenever they wanted to obtain data on the early history of the city.

In the Diamond Jubilee edition of the "San Francisco News Letter," which was issued on September 5, 1925, we find under the heading: "Tadich's Grill," the following article:

"There are still landmarks in San Francisco, in spite of the fire of 1906, but they are mostly human landmarks, instead of buildings and monuments, and very few are left at that. Such a one is John V. Tadich, of the original 'Cold Day Restaurant,' at 545 Clay Street.

"A talk with Mr. Tadich is like turning back the leaves of historical San Francisco; he can tell you of the little tent, operating on the northwest corner of Leidesdorff and Commercial Streets, prior to 1849, where coffee was served to sailors and their kind; of a certain Captain Leidesdorff, who docked his ship at this point, with its cargo of iron from Bellhouse & Co. of Manchester, England, and whose crew deserted to go to the gold mines; of the small coffee house tent being transformed by this cargo into a corrugated iron house, which stood in this spot until Mr. Tadich, in 1882, turned it into a real restaurant.

"He spoke feelingly of the 'old days' when most of the publishing houses and newspapers and journals were printed around this neighborhood; when notable men and women writers congregated to have dinner with him; and way, way back in the days when customers paid as much as \$1.00 for one boiled egg.

"And then he told me how his cafe became apppealed with the name: 'The Cold Day Restaurant.'

"On the corner of Stockton and Geary there used to stand the old 'Wigwam,' the headquarters of the Republican party, many of whom were regular patrons of Tadich's Grill. Alexander Badlam, running on the Regular Republican ticket for assessor, at his nomination spoke the words which were later to become famous: 'I thank you, gentlemen,' he said, and then added: 'It is a cold day when I get left.'

"But when election came, it was a cold day for Badlam, for John Seibe, the Independent-Republican, was elected.



JOHN V. TADICH

"Practical jokers literally impressed the cold day on Mr. Badlam, by running huge slabs of ice into his domicile, the night after election, wrapped in horse blankets. The defeated candidate and his friends sought consolation at Tadich's (when consolation could be administered in liquid form), and from that time on, the place was known as 'The Cold Day Restaurant.'

"Above is given a present day menu of Tadich's Grill, in contrast with a menu of the Ward House, printed in the days of '49."

The published menu bears the date of September 5, 1925, and the top line reads: "Established 1849."

At the risk of offending his innate modesty, the writer can state, without the fear of contradiction, that today Mr. Tadich is the most widely known and most highly respected member of our San Francisco colony. As one who does not seek either praise or glory, Mr. Tadich seems to be entirely unaware of that fact, but the writer feels sure that all those who know Mr. Tadich, and their name is legion, will subscribe to this statement without qualification. And that achievement alone makes life worth living.

May we enjoy his company and counsel for many years to come!

JUGOSLAV PIONEERS OF THE APPLE INDUSTRY IN WATSONVILLE

By P. B. MARINOVICH, M. D.



It was a balmy summer afternoon, away back in 1870, in a little village on the Adriatic, along the Dalmatian coast. All the people of the village were around, dressed in their festive attire, chatting, some laughing, some wiping the tears trickling down their rugged brows, and the children were merrily playing in the blue waters of the Adriatic, on the rock-ribbed shore.

A little boat not far away stood majestic as it swayed to and fro, awaiting peacefully in the summer breeze to sail on its daily voyage up the coast. Soon the chatting had abated; the children stood still, and all that could be heard was the splash of the water against the rocks, and out of this stillness and solitude a young man, rugged in stature, tall and rangy, with a youthful smile, was seen to clasp the hands of the villagers and bid them a fond adieu. Slowly easing his way to the landing, where the boat lay moored, there, as the twilight enveloped the sun's rays on a late summer's eve, he stood motionless. Kissing and embracing his loved ones, bidding them a fond farewell. Then, gazing upon those with whom he worked and played as a lad in his teens, waving a sad good-bye, stepped on the little boat just as the swish of the water bade him bon voyage.

As he sat there in the stillness of the evening shadows and watched the rippling waters go by and the rugged shores of his native Dalmatia disappear into morbid solitude of the darkness, he muttered to himself unconsciously, "America."

Across the barren wastes of the Atlantic to the welcoming shores of America he sped. At the approach of the New World his anticipations rose ever higher, as he had come to the land of promise and dreams; so on he trekked from the eastern shore over the rolling hills and dells of America's rising empire. Across to broad plateaus that surround the Father of Waters, to the rugged hills of the Rockies; over their palatial peaks, across the burning sands of the desert; into cool, invigorating breezes of the balmy Pacific; into the land where the sacred feet of the Padres tread. Down the trail of the Padres he journeyed and finally stopped in an "oasis," which the few inhabitants, as they bid him welcome, told him was Pajaro, or the Valley of Birds.

As he sat down in the cool breeze of the early autumn evening, his mind wandered back once more to those loved ones he left behind, and with their parting sank into a peaceful sleep, dreaming of the new home he had at last found. As the early sun peeped over the surrounding hills he arose and went out to see what this strange yet beautiful garden had to offer. As he walked along he saw acres upon acres planted in sugar beets, beans and other vegetables, with here and there trees laden with apples glistening in the sun as they seemed to say: "This is the land of apples and fair maidens!"

Then it was he made up his mind that the apple was the eye of his heart. From farm to farm he went, buying a tree here, a half a tree there, much to the astonishment of the inhabitants. Buying all they would sell him, he then rented a little shed, bought a horse and a little wagon, and set up a sign and a rubber stamp bearing the following: "Mark Rabasa, Apple Dealer." Thus marked the first man to go into the apple business in Watsonville, and he had come from far-off Jugoslavia to pioneer an industry which today is known from north to south, east to west, and throughout the universe. He peddled his fruit to nearby towns and some he sent to San Francisco, and much to the surprise of the natives, made a little on his investment.

After his first experience he was well satisfied, but still he mused unto himself that nature hath produced but wild. What could he do to help? First, he thought if he pruned and took some of the burden off the tree, he would produce better quality and better fruit, and with that, if he tilled the soil, also production would be benefited, which he did. Well nigh were his efforts repaid.

As there were no modern implements of farming in the late 70's, as there are now, this was a hard task, but the sturdy farmer such as he was never relinquished hope, and by hard labor and fortitude conquered, so much so that the inhabitants around saw the dawn of a new era, new production, new possibilities; and where ridicule was in vogue, now saw the birth of a great industry and began to plant orchards of apples. A few years rolled by, then came Banovac and L. Sresovich to help the sturdy warrior in his conquest of King Apple. Later followed Lettunich, Mioceovich, Geo. Strazich, Marinovich and Scurich; they, too, went into the apple business, buying here and there and slowly but surely success began to dawn upon their

brows. Packing houses began to be built, quality of fruit assorted and wider markets opened up for their production. But in the midst of all this another difficulty arose to hamper the way of the sturdy new pioneers. That was that their fruit was being infested with worms and other pests. Now, how and what could be done to help eradicate this menace? Tilling of the soil and destruction of places wherein these insects laid their larvae beds were destroyed, but still many more were left to carry on their work of destruction. Chemistry was brought into vogue. With the help of State and National Departments of Agriculture, chemicals were manufactured and were brought

houses, others put their apples there and kept them two to three months after picking them, they were further astonished at their keeping qualities. Why keep them? This laid the foundation for cold storage, to keep them not for a month or two but five to six, in order to equalize the markets and bring more revenue for their effort, so as not to sacrifice them on the altar of downtrodden markets.

Still more difficulties arose as to what they were going to do with apples that were diseased and barred from markets, and small ones not worthy of shipping. Then came the idea of evaporated apples or dried apples to take care of this depreciation, which today in itself is a large industry.



APPLE ORCHARD IN BLOOM
Watsonville, California

into play in the process of spraying with certain metallic poisons, such as arsenic, lead, zinc, etc., which proved a tremendous success in eradicating the pestilence which so prevailed, and saved many more apples.

As the years rolled by and competition increased, these pioneers had to go out of the realm of California to market their fruit; well nigh they did, until in the early '90s England and the Continent knew of their endeavors. The natives marveled at their fortitude, their work, and when in the early '90s they saw in one shed a thousand boxes of apples stacked up tier upon tier, still more was their surprise that so many apples were owned by one individual, and what he was going to do with them. When later on, in the packing

Then came with it the early twentieth century and in ushered the Milladins, Cikuth & Miovich, Stolichs, Kalich, Bachan, Butiers, Madeskos, Rilovich, Sresovich, Resetars, Franichs, Katusich and many others, and with them a modern era of civilization, automobiles, gasoline engines, tractors, sorting machines, trucks, spray machines, etc. That onslaught expedited the work of the horse and man to a higher level of perfection, due to more modern tools to work with. Transportation became an easier item. World markets were brought closer with faster methods of labor, and soon the packing sheds congregated on the railroad itself, until today this industry presents itself as a unification of one packing shed next to the other, intermingled with cold storages, dryers, etc., on a solid railroad



APPLE PICKING SEASON
Watsonville, Calif.

front, with the Jugoslavs as its pioneers, and still developing it into an industry which takes foremost rank in this little valley on the shores of the turbulent waters of Monterey Bay. They surround us today with orchards of apples owned, and some leased, by them. There are numberless packing sheds with modern equipment, beautiful homes, buildings; truly a tribute to the community they so helped to build, and an honor to the sturdy pioneers of the apple industry who brought it to the front in years gone by.

How did they do it, those old sturdy pioneers? Yes, how? Through perseverance and a do-or-die spirit from early sunrise to late sunset, winter, summer, autumn and spring, always out upon nature's bosom, toiling, watching and persevering. Nursing her in her infancy and never letting her die until the spring blossom smiled upon their endeavors and the yellow leaf of autumn fell off to hide itself before the chilly blasts of winter. Others laughed, scoffed maybe, at their endeavors, ridiculed their methods, but today copy their ideas and marvel what the human mind and physical prowess had done to nature's budding tree. Yes, we can say that the Jugoslavs are the true pioneers of the apple industry; truly, they found the tree there, but in the same manner a hunter finds a lion in his African den, so, too, they found the apple tree.

As a hunter traps his prey and tames it, so did they help with nature's aid to tame this wilderness

until today anybody entering our beautiful valley in blossom time sees a paradise of blossoms gently swaying in the mild breeze of the Pacific.

Today, as old Mark Rabasa lies serene in the veil of death on the little hillside surrounding this garden spot, a beautiful smile peruses his lips as he looks down upon his fellow Slavs still pursuing in his same footsteps that he trod a half a century ago. So also do the other sturdy pioneers, bent low with age and hardships of years gone by.

Today, throughout the markets of the world, Yugoslav names mark the boxes laden with the delicious apples grown in our valley, and as they eat them, cannot but think of what fortitude, gentleness and hardships it took to nurse such a fruit to a state of beauty and sweetness, wrapped up in its little individual paper, to bring its rosy cheeks to the lips of men and women throughout the length and breadth of countless millions in this world.

To these sturdy pioneers of Dalmatia's rugged coast who came here and stacked their lives and all, that this industry may develop here to what she is today upon this seventy-fifth anniversary of our organization, we pay solemn tribute, and as we now look around us and see what they laid the foundation to, with our modern implements and ways of doing, we wonder how it was possible, and well, too, may we wonder.

To these sturdy and rugged Jugoslavs of years gone by, and to those new who followed in their footsteps and made the apple industry what it is today, and to their enterprises here today, we see an industry developed to the highest pitch of perfection, a true and fitting memorial to those who staked all and made this part of our broad continent a Paradise of Eden.

In conclusion, in this melting pot of America we can truly say that these rugged Jugoslavs played their part in her history and today their names dot the register of American citizenship as good old pioneers of California's apple industry, and with it waved the true American banner of success and fidelity to the flag that hovered over the fields of daily toil and were found not wanting when their country called, as true citizens were they, and as rugged tillers of the soil. So today, as many of them lie beneath and near the shade of the majestic apple tree and smile at its growth, the spirit hovers in its adopted land in true American democracy.

